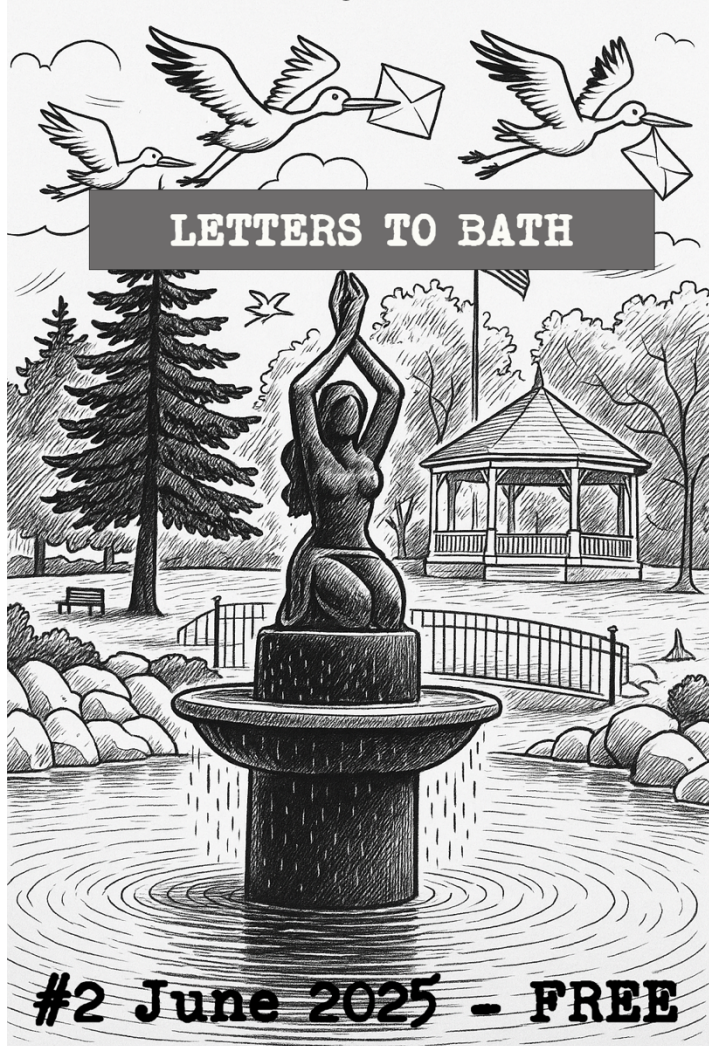


# Unknown

Grogan, David



ER

INSIDE BACK COVER

INSIDE BACK COVER

INSIDE BACK COVER

INSIDE BACK COVER

Bath!

Sometimes it's shhh that's falling.

And often doubted.

Now it's shhh that's not .

Then it's shhh and the flies drift in.

Shhh..and old tree.

This young crow lapped on shhh

I.R.

Bath,

Here, it's called Days of Shocks 3, Part 4.

Giraffes.

Well there would be but not necessarily.

Need those maps again.

On a new floor and creases palmed out smooth.

And a river there that's full I'd like.

I.R.

**Dear Bath,**

I liked that story you wrote and posted on Facetagram the other day.

I mean, I didn't read it or even really think about it. Who has time for that? Am I right?

But I did press the like button. You must post more.



D

Dear Bath

I had this friend who I'll call Harold. Harold, as a young boy, was the type who would need to have his meals served with each foodstuff separate and not touching on the plate. A stray pea in the mashed potatoes would render the whole dish inedible.

As he grew older this need to sort and categorize what he saw as a hopelessly unorganized and chaotic world grew stronger. His very existence seemed unbearably tangled. His own body, containing compounds of many elements, became an intolerable amalgam of confusion. This could not stand.

That's why, when the nuclear war started, he did not run for the shelters. He ran toward ground zero. And that's why when the bomb did finally drop, and he got caught up in the shimmer, and he felt himself dissolve, his atoms scattering like stars across the infinite, Harold finally found peace - alone, untouched, sorted, and perfectly content.

Love,

D

Dear Bath,

I miss roaming your streets at night, Molly surging ahead with a desperate agenda of information agglomeration and random animal encounters. That one special cat on Bedford, her special friend on Water, the shameful poop by the new condos, always excitedly mushing me forward on an urban Iditarod of stimulation and discovery.

I'd catch glimpses of life in windows and people putting out trash for morning pick up, and the raw of bars letting out. Then back to a room that was empty of everything, save us.

Love,

B.



COUNTRYVEGETABLES...COUNTRY VEGETABLES...

Dear Bath-ites,

My dog loves, LOVES to eat your dog's frozen poop.

I'm wondering ...

What are you feeding your dogs and can I have some?

SIGNED,

ROVER

BATH,

MY COUSIN WOULD SUNBATHE ON THE HOOD OF HER CAR WHEN SHE WAS A TEENAGER AND GROWN MEN WOULD BEEP THEIR HORNS AND WHISTLE WHEN THEY DROVE BY AND SHE SMILED AT THAT.

SHE HAD HER FIRST BABY AT 17 AND I ALWAYS WONDERED WHICH ONE OF THE WHISTLING MEN GOT TO HER FIRST.

SINCERELY,

J

Dear Bath,

Yesterday I was driving along Route 1 in Brunswick and I looked over at the man driving past me in the other lane.

He had this tremendous beard that was a bright, fiery red.

As if this wasn't impressive enough, he had hubcaps on his tires that matched the color of his beard almost exactly.

Be on the lookout.

Love,

D.

Bath!

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UNPOLLUTED BY
  - a. Light
  - b. Skeptics
  - c. 2<sup>nd</sup> Shift Welders

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Mr Bath,

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“I planned to see you see me.”

Man, that was the best plan.

Love,

Me.

Dear Bath,

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All the best,

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All the best,

I.

Dear Bath,

Our neighbor is the mayor of the block.

Her name is Cadillac.

Last night she had a rat in her stove and made us come look at it while she stood on a chair...

... and called her man.

... and called the fire department.

... and threatened to shoot it.

... and I had to talk to her man and her man asked me to tell her not to start shooting.

Best wishes,

A.A.T.

Dear Bath,

Some of you read the zine! Here are the reviews:

“Thank you for the smiles and laughs and head shakes and head scratches caused by your #1 issue.” - A.

“Thanks for sharing these heart-warming and whimsical ditties. It was glorious. Shefs Kiss.” - D.

“Letters to Bath was a treat! I read the last half on the throne. Couldn’t step away!” - B.

Send your reviews and contributions to [letterstobath@gmail.com](mailto:letterstobath@gmail.com) . All content will be published anonymously.

Love,

L.T.B.

Dear Bath,

I’ve got a magic wand that waves and there’s a playground in the library park or maybe it’s at the waterfront. It’s got hazards dangerous enough for young limbs to test and push their limits but the ground is soft. It’s got a water feature to cool heads on the one week it’s over 85. It’s got a large picnic table that has to be shared, forcing conversation under a magical no politics forcefield. It’s got shade. It’s got superhero costumes.

Shazam!

Love,

D.

Dear Bathers,

My wife wont let me post photos of my meals on Facetagram.

She says its only something people do BEFORE they eat it.

Finnicky old world this.

Love,

D

Dear Bath

People often ask about the memorial plaque for Helen and Gilbert at the southwest corner of Washington and North: “The Immovable Object and The Irresistible Force.”

Helen was a sweetheart, always wanting to do right by the planet. She felt guilty about her old gas-guzzler, so she

compensated by giving bicyclists and pedestrians the right of way-even when it wasn't theirs. No one could resist her cheerful wave, even if it meant stepping into danger.

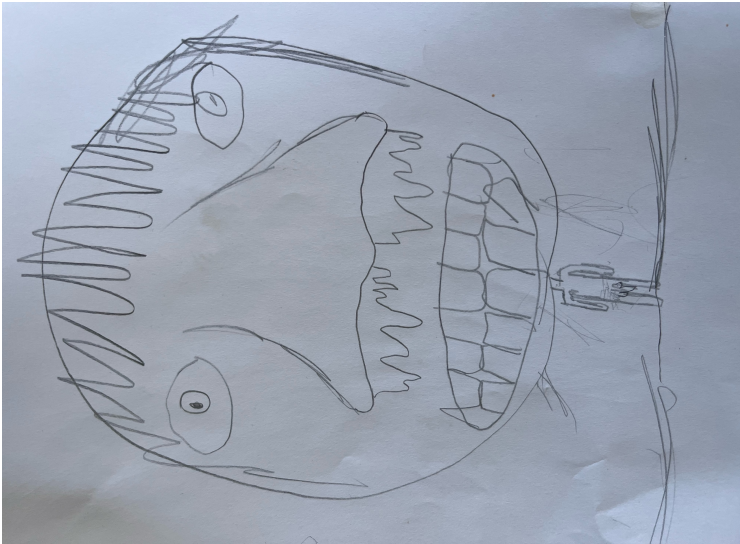
Gilbert cared just as much for the environment. He biked everywhere, but he believed in following the rules. If a car reached the intersection first, he'd stop, fixing the driver with a steely stare until, out of embarrassment, they drove on.

It was inevitable: Helen, heading toward the river on North, arrived at the intersection a split second before Gilbert, bound for the library on Washington. Helen beamed and waved him on. Gilbert, unmoved, stared straight ahead.

Traffic piled up. Police were called. News helicopters hovered. Days passed. Neither would yield. In the end, both died-of thirst and determination.

If only everyone were so principled.

Signed, D.



Dear Bath, I want you to see this photograph of my big brother.  
See?! Love, P.

dear bath;

what's your position on loofahs? do you see it as a personal item, or a communal one?

do you ever dream of traveling one day?

if so, i hope you get the chance one day.

have you ever been anywhere other than yourself?

i have traveled a little myself and really enjoyed it; though, the actual moving from place to place can be stressful.

take care

b.



Dear Bath-

My back yard had always been private until my fencemate removed three trees that abut the fence.

Now they have the full view.

How will i get an even tan this year??

J

Dear Bath-ites,

My dog loves, LOVES to eat your dog's frozen poop.

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SIGNED,

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All the best,

L.

Dearest Bath,

The Spirit of the Sea had just turned 63 and was officially fed up with this nonsense.

"First they took my frogs and now they've taken the children and their laughter!" she texted her big sister, The Spirit of the Dance, who lived in the lobby of Radio City Music Hall.

"I'm 63! I was just starting to appreciate what I had! Waaaaah," she sobbed.

The Spirit of the Dance, ever the city slicker, replied with a wink emoji and a cocktail umbrella:

"Hey, lil' sis! Why don't you hop on the next locomotive to the Big Apple? Stay as long as you want-or at least until The City of Ships figures out how to stop stealing your frogs and kids. We'll stay up all night, drinking Manhattans and yelling bon mots at the pigeons!"

And so, The Spirit of the Sea did, trading her salty tears for neon lights. Between drinks, she checked her social feed to see if the humans were ready for her, to stop draining her park's soul.

She does love visiting her big sister, but oh, how she misses her park.

Affectionately,

TSOTS

Dear bath

Everytime i get into bath i feel giggly and wiggly. bath gets me wet, immediately. neck smashed on porcelain, i realize i need to be richer. dropped naked body below the surface, i can't help but pee a little. i soak, put one ear under and listen to the suddenly very intimate muted apartment building sounds; my only reality now. I'm a kid again, doing this in memere and peperes bathroom, feeling my lifted weight intimately. .... what? oh, not that Bath?

Warm regards,

LF.

Dear Bath

Elizabeth felt tall when she walked through the forest. Not any taller than her real height. She just felt the 5 feet 8 inches that she was. Only in the forest did she feel that her head was that far from the ground. Elsewhere, she felt closer to her feet. She had no idea why. Striding along the forest trail she felt tall and strong and healthy. Perhaps what the Japanese call “shinrin-yoku” - forest bathing - was manifested in this feeling she had. Perhaps it was a sensory illusion brought on by subconsciously imagining the moss-covered rocks as wooded hills. She didn't dwell on the reasons; she barely gave it a thought. She felt tall and strong and healthy. One day she kept on walking until she reached the edge of the forest where there was an asphalt road. One step onto the road would result in a shrinking. So, instead of stepping onto the asphalt, she turned and wandered back into the woods. Today, she decided, she would remain tall a little while longer.

Your truly,

D.

Dear Bath,

I had this crazy dream that your family and mine all went to Disney. It was weird. Our kids all went goth and they were complaining about the Florida heat making them sweat and messing up their dark eye shadow. We were driving around on I4 in Orlando and cars were crashing left right. We were both like “they drive crazy down here”

Sincerely,

I.

Dear BATH

Have you heard things unwrap themselves in the night.

You I sleep.

Crinkle of slow

Stealth

Stairs

Pause...unwrap

Signed: I.R.

Dear Bath,

I know some of my relatives (mostly deceased now) have been right bastards, and I want to apologize for that. I can only beg your forgiveness with the excuse that they were not in their right minds... they were in the grips of the rage virus. Although, to be fair, Uncle Ted tended toward boorish aggression even on his best days. Honestly, screw that guy. He deserved what he got.

As for that old fellow Cousin Betty attacked... TWICE!...down on the south end, I have no excuse. She got hers, too. We do miss crazy Cousin Betty, but there'll be no end to that feud now.

Most recently, I want to apologize specifically to the young lady who was jogging along Washington the other day. I was just trying to cross the street, and our paths overlapped for a shade longer than either of us was comfortable with. Trust me, I was as freaked out as you were! Keep jogging though, you were killing it!

Again, my sincerest apologies.

Finnegan Fox

Dear Bath

This radiator purrs.

The cat hangs out.

The mountain elder needs coppicing.

I have maps to lay out this late Sunday.

Next door's gravel was just then trampled.

One gate left open to swing if it will.

I.R.